

VAUDEVILLE'S FAMOUS
SONG
PARODIES



Published & Copyrighted By
Song-Parody Writers Guild

119 South 14th Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

"HOT DOG" SONG PARODIES

PUBLISHED BY SONG-PARODY WRITERS GUILD

Three O'Clock in the Morning

(A Leo Feist Inc. Number)

Before we had prohibition,
I never drank a drop;
But now I've reached a condition:
I don't know how to stop.
The Volstead Act so entrancing
Seems to be made for us all,
But since it was passed
I've been fancy:
Full of AL-CO-HOL.

Chorus:

Moonshine, Moonshine,
In every home you will find.
White mule,
Home brew,
Even the Mayor makes wine;
Home made
Hooch, too
Sooner or later you'll fall
Say bo! Soon there will be
Enough for all.

Second Verse:

At three o'clock in the morning
The party's just getting rough,
And daylight soon will be dawning
When everyone yells, "Hot stuff"
The host cries, "Mercy, I fear
There isn't a tiny bit more."
But just then he gets an idea
And he goes next door.

Chorus, again;

Georgette

(A Shapiro and Bernstein Number)

I'm just a poor old working man.
And always do the best I can
I got the bestest little wife
In all the wide, wide world.
There is only one thing wrong,
Tell it to you in this song;
So, please lend me your ears,
And prepare to shed your tears.

Chorus:

Georgette, Georgette,
My wife always buys,
In debt, you bet,
Way up to the skies.
At Woolworth, Kress
She orders the best.
She spies it,
And buys it,
And says, "Just send it C. O. D."

I weep, I weep
But it does no good,
For she just says,
She'll buy what she should;
Once I was gentle and meek
She left me ten cents that week
And she buys more
Georgette.

Why Should I Cry Over You?

(A Leo Feist Inc. Number)

You were a friend, a real God send,
But you desert me now,
I understand—just what ties your hand,
I get along somehow.

Chorus:

I can't see why I should cry over you,
You have home-brew, Scotch whiskey too,
You know I'm dry, still you pass me right
by,
It breaks my heart in two,
The way that you treat me is sure a crime,
But some day, just wait, it won't be so
fine,
When your stock's gone, you will want
some of mine,
So why should I cry over you?

Tomorrow

(A Waterson Berlin & Synder Number)

Say, did you ever pay,
On the dollar-down installment plan,
Then, start to pay again,
In a hundred years or two, you're thru.
If you did you'll understand
What they did to Dixie Sam;
And the day he went away
This is what he had to say.

Chorus:

Tomorrow; Tomorrow;
I think I'll pay that bill.
Tomorrow; Tomorrow;
I'll tell them all I will.
Lawdy me what a great delight,
When I get a familiar sight,
Of the time-payment man standing at
my front door
Handing me bills from the year before;
Collectors; Collectors;
They greet me by the score,
I'll tell them the same thing as before.
Somehow, I just can't wait for a choo-
choo train
I'll hop right in an aeroplane,
And tell them all to call again,
Tomorrow.

Chorus, again;

Tomorrow; Tomorrow;
I will not have a cent;
Tomorrow; Tomorrow;
The day I pay my rent.
Lawdy me what a great delight,
When they bring me the news some night;
That my rent's past due and the land-
lord hollers
A rich aunt mails me a million dollars
You know,
And I know,
Tomorrow never comes,
A great gent,
The agent,
Told me so.
Somehow, I just cant wait for a choo-
choo-train,
I'll hop right in an aeroplane,
When he comes round for the rent again
Tomorrow.

The Shiek

(A Waterson, Berlin & Synder Number)

Out where the desert's wild and free,
Stands a hotel called Araby;
A traveling man,
Bag in his hand,
Runs just as fast as can be.
I asked him what the trouble was;
His answer started with, "Because"—

Chorus:

In the sheets at Araby,
A bed-bug sang to me:
"At night when you're asleep
Into your bed I'll creep"
And from the room above,
He called his lady love
They raised a family
In the sheets at Araby.

Angel Child

(A M. Witmark & Sons Number)

My girl's a wonderful baker;
That's what I say when she's near,
Her cake would make fine brick bats,
Really dear; I'll say right here:

Chorus:

Angel Cake,
It is called when its done,
Angel Cake,
But it weighed just a ton,
Just one bite was all that I tried,
It wouldn't slide; far in my side;
In a while
Up in heaven I saw,
What other angels do,
Angel Cake, it was all a mistake
When they named angel food after you.

Hot Lips

(A Leo Feist Inc. Number)

There's a girl lives in our block
And, oh my, what I know:
Nothing 'bout her slow!
Bet you'd like to know
Why they call her Hot Lips;
(But I don't mean what you think)
When ev'rybody in her house will wink,
Here's what they say:

Chorus:

She's got Hot Lips
When she drinks soup,
She draws out notes
That loop the loop.
You'd love to hear her harmony,
When she strikes up a minor key.
I know you'll like her melody
It sounds just like the Rosary;
Her music's rare, you must declare
The girl is there
When she Zoops Soup.

Second Verse:

Heard her play the other day,
And boy, it sounds just grand!
You will understand,
She uses both her hands;
When there's noodles in her plate,
She plays without a stop,
To keep those noodles going straight
Just keeps her on the hop.

Chorus:

She's got hot lips
That loop the loop,
The way she sips
That noodle soup;
Inhales so fast and blows so hard,
That on her nose she needs a guard.
You'd shed a tear to hear her puff
The noodles treat her awful rough.
Her music's rare.
I must declare,
She needs the Air,
When she Zoops Soup.

The World is Waiting for the Sunrise

(A Chappell & Co. Number)

Chorus:

Just now, the world is waiting for the
sunrise,
Every nation is loaded with debt;
But bye and bye,
We'll hear them all a-calling:
"Uncle Sammy's a good sport, you bet."

Oh, What a Pal Was Mary

(A Waterson Berlin & Synder Number)

Mary O'Mine, Mary O'Mine,
When you was small you was pretty
I love you still, and always will,
The way you've grown is a pity,
You were my pet, I can't forget,
Good times I had with you.

Chorus:

Oh, what a pal is Mary,
She is a sight to see,
Weighs three hundred pounds,
Lean as a hound,
Still just as cute as can be,
Legs that are just like tooth-picks,
Neck that is six feet nine,
Though you may laugh,
She's a giraffe,
I got from a pal of mine.

Send For Our Big Folio Edition Of Song Parodies

Call Me Back Pal O'Mine

(A Dixon-Lane Pub. Number)

1st Verse

How I miss your high-balls,
And the old musty walls,
That I used to think were so divine,
How I miss your red nose,
And your old dirty clothes,
Bartender, Pal of Mine.

Chorus:

Call me back, Pal O'Mine,
Won't you hand me a stein,
Like you did in the days long ago.
How I miss your big smile
Though you're gone for a while,
You'll come back once again I know.
Though they say you were bad
You're the best friend I had
And I think of your drinks all the time,
Oh my eyes want to cry,
But they can't, I'm so dry;
Call me back to your bar Pal O'Mine.

2nd Verse:

At the corner each night
'Neath the old pale gas light,
I dream of the days that used to be;
But it all changed somehow,
There's a drug store there now
Where the bar used to be.

Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home

(An Irving Berlin Inc. Number)

Farmer Brown was getting old and lost
his pep,
Farmer Brown was always spry, so lost
his rep,
Some one told him of a way,
That would make him young and gay,
And now you hear the other farmers say:

Chorus:

He went to town and he bought monkey
glands,
Now he's so full of pep, he's frisky as a
lamb,
When he goes out all the girls on the
street,
Get a squeezin' and a huggin'
'Cause he thinks that he's the Sheik,
He's so young he cannot walk,
Even talks a baby talk,
Once he almost spoiled nts map
Kissing pussy cats,
So when you're old, go and try monkey
glands,
It will shake you, make you feel like a
brand new man.

Dardanella

(A McCarthy and Fisher Number)

Oh, won't you keep the rain drops away,
And let it rain some other day,
For if it rains today, I'm gonna get wet,
Lent my umbrella to a friend,
Who came with me for the week end
And ever since that time I have my re-
grets
Two months—and returned to me today,
Oh my, how long you've been away.

Chorus:

Oh, my umbrella, where is your pretty
shape,
Oh, silk umbrella, I think you've met your
fate,
For now your ribs are all caved in,
And your cover's wrong side out,
Umbrella, Oh, hear me shout,
My pretty rain stick,
Oh, my umbrella I'll miss you all the
time,
When the mender comes I'll have you
fixed up fine,
It makes me grieve,
I know its better to give than receive
But, my umbrella, you've left me your last
time.

Lovin' Sam

(An Ager, Gellen, & Bornstein Number)

Lookout there, you young ladies,
There's a young man in this town,
They say that he's a rough old chap,
That holds the women on his lap,
But let me tell you
About the things I know:
He's got lots of good lovin'
Never known to turn a gal down,
Although a mighty busy man,
He takes on all the work he can,
He tells the girls now,
"You'll have to stand in line.

Chorus:

People call him Lovin' Sam,
He's a reg'lar old cave man,
And his brand of lovin'
It is surely grand,
He wears a pair of nice gray spats,
And a big brown derby hat
Does he squeeze? Does he bite?
That's what he always does every old
night,
Always dressed so nice and neat,
Though he has two big flat feet
He has keys that fit in each flat in our
street,
Although out on the street he's a rough
man
At home he's just like a nice lamb,
Still he's called Lovin' Sam,
A regular old cave man.

Stumbling

(A Leo Feist Inc. Number)

Have you heard 'bout that thing they
call Radio
Have a friend, who has one calls it Romeo,
I bought one, just for fun, thought I'd
listen in,
Brought it home set it up,
And right then it started.

Chorus:

Buzzin' all around, buzzin' all around,
buzzin' all around so crazy,
Sounded awful near, but was kinda queer.
tickled in my ear,
I thought the thing would choke,
A lump came in my throat,
The old cat's whisker broke,
Oh! what a shame,
I fixed it,
Someone tried to sing, some one tried to
sing, some one tried to sing,
Oh! good-ness,
What an awful thing, what an awful
thing, what an awful thing,
Altho' it's rottin', it don't cost nothin'
I like it just a little bit, just a little bit,
quite a little bit.

I Want My Mammy

(A Shapiro and Bernstein Number)

Long ago in my dear old home town,
Was a fellow that used to run 'round,
When the lights of the town went out,
You never would see him about,
He was 'fraid of the dark and each night,
He'd stay in where there's plenty of light
And he'd always run when there's a fight.

Chorus:

They called him sissy,
Little sweet, little sissy,
Always wore girlish clothes,
Always powdered his nose,
When he went swimmin',
Always went with the women,
'Cause the boys were so tough,
And they always played rough,
He was a baby,
His mother always would tie his tie,
Silly—
And if you laugh he would always cry,
They called him sissy,
Little sweet, little sissy,
Every time you come in,
You remind me of him.

Dancin' Fool

(A Waterson Berlin & Synder Number)

Now Mr. Jones the dancin' fool,
He opened up a dancing school,
The folks all would say he's a stepper,
For he puts the pep in the pepper,
His pupils came to syncopate
The steps that were right up-to-date,
And every day, same old way,
Band would play,
Mister Jones would say:

Chorus:

Come bend your knees,
And shake all over,
Like you've got flees,
And can't recover,
Now shake your leg,
I mean the other,
Oh! Oh! Gee but you're slow,
Now put your arm
Around the lady,
A little more,
You must be lazy,
Don't squeeze so hard,
You're to ambitious,
You'll make a good dancin' fool.

My Sunny Tennessee

(A Waterson Berlin & Synder Number)

You have read about that fell-er,
Who has said you can get bet-ter,
If you'll suggest,
Only what is best,
I am mad and cannot hide it,
I suggest our Congress try it,
Why? Just because
They pass bone-dry laws

Chorus:

For every day in every way it is getting
worse and worse,
It almost broke my purse,
To try and quench my thirst,
I'd give my soul to only know where to
get some good old gin,
'Cause then the world would brighten up
again,
I think some day they'll take away our
right to breathe the air,
It seems they do not care,
As long as they get theirs,
Law-dy, hear my plea,
Make them give us liberty,
For every day in every way, it is getting
worse and worse.

A Picture Without a Frame

(A Harry Von Tilzer Pub. Co. Number)

1st Verse

I have a friend who has a girl and she is
divine,
At least he told me so, I guess he ought
know;
He took me out to see this girl that he
thought so fine;
And now I know why they say love is
blind.

Chorus:

Cross-eyed and lean, knock-kneed and tall
The hardest queen I ever saw,
And when she smiled Oh Boy! you should
have seen her face,
I think her teeth were all mis-placed;
A wooden head, false hair of brown,
I think she's dead, but won't fall down;
She wins the first prize as a beauty with-
out brains:
She's a picture without a frame.

2nd Verse:

I cannot see what made him fall; its a
mystery.
She acts just like a clown; the way she
falls around.
I told him what I thought of her, but he
won't agree;
But he'll wake up some day, just wait
and see.

April Showers

(A T. B. Harms Co. Number)

Verse:

Have you heard what Mister Jolson tells us
When he sings that life is full of bliss
In the song that he calls "April Showers"
He would have us all behave like this:

Chorus:

A traffic cop may come your way,
To make you stop your ride so gay,
But if he's shouting; have no regrets:
Because it isn't you at all he wants,—
He wants your cigarettes.
He'll make you stop, right on the hill
But he will flop, just for a "pill,"
So keep on looking for a fly cop
And listening for his bike
Whenever you're with Lizzie on a hike.

Extra Chorus:

A Burglar man may come some day,
And stick his gun right in your way,
But never worry; hold up your hands:
Because it isn't money that he wants,—
He want your coat and pants.
Now Day by Day,
In every way,
He's getting better,
That's what he'll say;
So keep on holding your hands higher,
And hum that pretty song,
Whenever Mr. Burglar comes along.

Lost

(A Wonderful Girl)

(A Shapiro and Bernstein Number)

I know a wonderful game,
I'm sure that you've heard the name,
They call it Penny Ante;
They tried to teach it to me:
Played with a sociable bunch,
O Boy, they gave me the hunch,
They told me if I sat in
There's lots I could win
And there wouldn't be much I could lose.

Chorus:

Lost my coat and my cap,
My shoes and my spats,
They taught me dandy Penny Ante,
Oh, there goes my nice new bow
And now my shirt, Oh! they got me ravin'
Still they say it's fine and keep on playin'
B. V. D.'s they also have flown
Oh! my clothes—how will I get home
I'm kinda lost without 'em,
Lost; just all that I had
Gee I think that I'll go home in a barrel.

"Blue"

(A Stark & Cowan Number)

My wife said that she would do my wash-
ing,
So, of course, I said, "Go right ahead,"
Somehow it seems that she spilt the blue-
ing,
And now I look like I am quite dead,—Oh!

Chorus:

Blue my shirts and collars,
Blue my long green dollars,
My socks and neckties were pretty,
But now they're bloo-ey and gone ker-
floo-ey,
Once I was so thrifty,
Now I look so nifty,
My friends all wonder,
And say I look like thunder,
'Cause I'm blue, all blue.

Toot, Toot, Tootsie

(A Leo Feist Inc. Number)

Yesterday I bought a new tin can,
Lizzie, I think you're grand:
Hop in kids and pack her tight inside,
Now cuddle close because
We're goin' to ride and ride,
Till we sing:

Chorus:

Toot, toot, Lizzie, let's go,
Toot, toot, Lizzie, you're slow;
I like your noise and clatter,
If you were quiet
I'd think that something was the matter
You stop and jump and then
Do it over again,
You must be good,
Lift up the hood,
I'll light a match; see if your gas
Feeds like it should;
There goes Lizzie sky high,
Goodbye, Lizzie, goo' bye.

Who Cares

(An Ager, Gellen, & Bornstein Number)

Every fellow has got a woman
That he's married to,
But me, I never wed,
'Cause you might as well be dead,
If somebody's waiting for me
They'll never catch me, too
For now I know the tale
Why Tom Brown's wife is for sale.

Chorus:

Who cares if his pants needs patching,
And the bed bugs hatching,
Who cares?
His Wife? Goodnight!
For on his shirts he hasn't got a button
She treats him like a hunk of mutton
They fight almost every morning
And at night they're hugging like bears
I want a gal
But just a pal
A wife? Not on your life
Cause I'm a bachelor who cares.

Don't Bring Me Posies

(An Irving Berlin Inc. Number)

We just got a baby girl,
But she has no name,
Mother wants a name with class,
To Dad it's all the same.
"Let's just call her Rose", he said
That's as pretty as can be,
But Mother said, "Now listen,
You listen here to me:"

Chorus:

Don't call her Rosie,
When it's Rosalind you mean;
Don't call her Lena
Call her Eileen:
Roses are red; violets blue
Give her a name like Maw gave you,
Don't call her Deena
When it's Gwendoleen you mean.

Extra Chorus:

Don't call him Morris,
When it's Mortimer you mean
Don't call him Louie
Call him Lewellyn
Roses are red—that's quite true,
But how'd you like that name on you;
Don't call him Percy,
When it's Percival you mean.

Homesick

(An Irving Berlin Inc. Number)

Just the other day, went away on a trip,
Thought I'd take a train,
It was late,
Took a ship,
Found a nice big chair,
And I sat down there, to enjoy the air,
But no more, I'm through—
I'll tell you:

Chorus:

Sea sick, something tells me that
I'm kind of sea sick that's all,
I always sigh and have to weep.
When I look at a dish,
All I do is keep on a-feeding the fish,
There comes some food down the hall,
Oh! look out sister,
Please step aside,
It's going to go over, false teeth an' all,
I see a man and his wife and his pretty
young daughter
They're casting bread on the water
Do you wonder why I'm seasick?

BE SURE TO GET OUR

"RED-HOT" EDITION OF SONG PARODIES

This edition is called "Red-Hot" because it contains parodies on songs that are now at the very height of their popularity. These parodies have a laugh in every line and are written on songs which are being played and sung in every part of the country. This edition contains parodies on such big hits as:

My Buddy
Carolina In The Morning
You Tell Her—I Stutter
Red Moon

Mr. Gallagher & Mr. Shean
Falling
I Wish I Knew
Rose of the Rio Grande

We have sold these parodies to Vaudeville Performers at \$1.00 for each parody. However, to our regular customers we are making a special price of 50c for the complete edition while it lasts. Send in your order today before it is too late.

Song-Parody Writers Guild:- 119 South 14th St.-:St. Louis, Mo.

Dub6 BK-11

27876